

MACLEANS  
Canada's National Magazine

## The Dangers Ahead

By JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN



## Conscription Behind the Curtain

## The Menace of Canadian Titles

## Women and Their Work

A New Department



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# The Business Book

## Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

IT WOULD appear, on the surface of things, that Canada is facing the prospect of continued prosperity. Industry is very active. Not only are domestic buyers for everything in the line of every-day goods, but the demands of the war, based upon the industrial market, have created a fantastic business activity. The available supply of labor and material is quite inadequate to meet the demands for goods and services, and it is quite certain that the situation will continue until the war is terminated. It follows that wages will remain high and that business will continue active.

To add to the prospect of an indefinitely continued prosperity, the crop outlook in Canada is excellent. The "flood and away" is a bad start this year owing to the unfavorable weather prevailing in early spring. Subsequent conditions have been favorable, however, and the crop for the cold and wet April and May-Tuesday reports come from all provinces full of optimism and reporting the survey of increased yields in most crops. Only extremely adverse weather later in the season could seriously affect the favorable agricultural outlook. With a big yield and high prices in prospect the Canadian farmer may find in 1917 his best year yet.

LET us repeat, therefore, that on the surface, it would appear certain that our present prosperity is due to certain definite causes. Business men, with a stake in the country, men with something to lose, are inclined still, however, to question the surface and to look for the underlying indications. They are not entirely satisfied that the future still holds promise. They see that money is scarce and that the business of the country is piling up a head to prevent a landslide on the future. For they realize that there is no way to save the future with a certain reserve; and they are, therefore, using an opportunity to avoid it and to get out of the business of the country. They are, therefore, using an opportunity to avoid it and to get out of the business of the country. They are, therefore, using an opportunity to avoid it and to get out of the business of the country.

THE degree of uncertainty that business men entertain is increasing all the time, however. In the early stages of the war it was fairly predicted and generally believed, that the declaration of peace would usher in a period of unprecedented stagnation. But the sudden collapse of war orders would have industry flat and utterly helpless. Gradually this anticipation of stagnation has given way to a more hopeful feeling. Peace cannot come on a world as prepared as we did in that fateful month of 1914. Finance and in-

dustry are having time to plan and prepare for peace. When peace comes and war orders are no longer needed will be done in order to keep business men from being forced to leave the country. A Canadian recently back from the United States, reports a conversation that he had with a visit to one of the largest in national plants in the country. He saw enormous quantities of material that had been put up to enable them to make more time and while wages of special workers that had been built up to know the work men.

"What will you do with these buildings after the war?" he asked. "Will they be torn down or allowed to stand?" "Neither," was the reply. "We have all our plans laid to utilize our present war plant for peace purposes. We are going into the manufacture of certain kinds that Germany had had a monopoly on for centuries. The factories are all ready, the machinery is arranged for. On the day our last war order is filled the work of reconstruction will start. Our operations after the war will be double what they were before it."

This may or may not be typical of the attitude of British manufacturers, but it is typical of the attitude of the war progress Canadian business men.

And Canada will be in a particularly favorable position to hold up when peace comes. The tremendous work of rebuilding the country, that Europe must undertake will mean a heavy demand for material and supplies from America for many years. Canada and the United States will stand on the security that will follow. In addition Canada stands to benefit by the close and friendly relations with the United States that the war is engendering. There has always been a certain amount of hostility and prejudice between the two countries though we have been Americans have been inclined to regard Canada as insignificant, Canadians have expected and to some extent fulfilled the United States. Since the war these feelings have been undergoing change. From the first our American neighbors have shown sincere admiration for the gallantry and fortitude of our Canadian troops. Since their own entry into the war they have looked forward to with the respect of our neighbors in Europe. Canada stands very high in the affection and respect of Americans today. Canadians on the other hand are beginning to lose the deep antipathy toward Americans which developed in the first few years of the war. It is not all peace, but it is progress. Before the war it is certain that the bonds of mutual friendship will have been firmly cemented.

This will assist after the war is closer and improved business connections. It is unquestionably will stimulate the negro-

ism of Americans in the Canadian West. They will not feel that they are moving to a foreign country. Canada stands to benefit greatly in the trade alliance which inevitably will follow the alliance in arms.

ON THE whole, therefore, the best informed men are inclined to think that our outlook is bright. They anticipate that for a few months, perhaps, after peace comes there will be a certain degree of stagnation, but following close on the heels of this temporary lull, the possibility of business will swing back again. This, of course, provided that the outcome of the war is favorable to us. Should peace be secured by a victory over Germany, the outlook would be naturally changed, or if the war be prolonged for four or ten years more, the flow of business would have been the horizon, and business would not meet an unprecedented, or an completely in the favorable conditions already noted.

AS FOR the present, all is going remarkably well. There are undeniable circumstances, of course, or rather, circumstances which create difficulties. The scarcity of money, needed for the carrying on of business to day has been very largely augmented. The manufacturer is unable to pay for his raw materials and he needs more capital to operate on. The same necessity is placed on the retailer and the retailer. The result is that the books are being pressed to meet all the demands of their legitimate customers, the business men of the country. Capital expenditures as a result are perhaps being curbed and available funds are being concentrated on production. In the construction transportation difficulties are playing an important part. On the surface it is not easy to see any direct connection between a shortage of cars and a shortage of money, but the Federal Reserve establishes the relation very convincingly as follows:

"The more rapidly that crops are manufactured, the more they must be transported. The quality with which they represent be caused for their transportation. Canada must make delivery—at least to the nearest point of the benefit of her production. The more rapid the movement, the greater the amount of business which can be facilitated. It is of further importance that there should be no delays in these lines, because the commodities being shipped to market represent a larger amount of capital than during normal times, because they have a much higher value. It is, therefore, therefore, that everything possible be done to increase all transportation facilities."

UNQUESTIONABLY the outlook for Canada business is promising, but it must be borne in mind that our future depends upon our ability and not willingness to meet war problems promptly and energetically. At present Canadians are not doing this. Unfortunately, perhaps, they are inclined to accept certain trials, to look unpleasant faces squarely in the face. They are unduly optimistic, unwisely willing to let ideas and see right in accordance to public considerations. National egoism is being hampered as a result.

This is not our greatest danger.

## Safety While Your Money Earns Six Per Cent.

By investing your funds in Canadian Government and Municipal Bonds, you not only obtain a security that is absolutely safe, but you also secure an attractive, dependable money return.

At the present time we have a number of Bonds of such substantial Canadian Cities as New Westminster, Lethbridge, Moose Jaw etc., which we can offer to yield a full 6%. We will be glad to furnish you with full particulars of any of these attractive types bearing from you.

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Managers

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Besides these advantages, the W.E. bookcase has the White Patent Equalizer which controls the door. The Door Shield which protects the books and prevents the doors from slamming. Removable Doors which may be removed or replaced without "taking down" the stack.

Ask your dealer to show them to you

THE KNECHTEL FURNITURE CO. Limited  
HARPER, ONTARIO







## If You Could See Your Skin As Others See It

*You often see yourself in the mirror, give your complexion a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our powder boxes and then think our skins are passing fair*

If you could only see your skin as others see it, you would not feel so contented. You would realize just how much lovelier it could be.

Go to your mirror now and examine your skin closely.

Are these little rough places in it that make it look only when you powder? Is it sallow, colorless, counter-irritated or oily? Is it marred by disfiguring blackheads?

Whatever the trouble is, it can be changed. Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually and rapidly changing. As old skin dies, new forms. This is your opportunity. You can make this new skin just what you would love to have it.

Use Maclean's only skin and skin care.

First, cleanse your face thoroughly by washing it in the usual way with Maclean's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture but leave the skin slightly

*If you are bothered with any skin condition, make the latter treatment a daily habit.*

damp. Now work up a heavy warm water-lather of Woodbury's in your hands.

Apply it to your face and rub it into your pores thoroughly—rubbing with an upward and outward motion of the finger tips. Rub with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Make the treatment a nightly habit and before long you will give complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.



A tin of Maclean's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of either of these treatments. Get a cake today and begin tonight to get it beautiful for your skin.

Write today for treatment booklet. Send us and we will send you a miniature edition of the large Woodbury Book, "A Skin You Love to Touch," giving all the famous Woodbury skin treatments together with a complete table of Woodbury's Facial Soap usage enough for a week's use. Write today. All from The Sydney Avenue Co., 114, 226, 240, 250, 260, 270, 280, 290, 300, 310, 320, 330, 340, 350, 360, 370, 380, 390, 400, 410, 420, 430, 440, 450, 460, 470, 480, 490, 500, 510, 520, 530, 540, 550, 560, 570, 580, 590, 600, 610, 620, 630, 640, 650, 660, 670, 680, 690, 700, 710, 720, 730, 740, 750, 760, 770, 780, 790, 800, 810, 820, 830, 840, 850, 860, 870, 880, 890, 900, 910, 920, 930, 940, 950, 960, 970, 980, 990, 1000.

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# MACLEAN'S

## MAGAZINE

Volume XXX

AUGUST, 1917

Number 10

## The Dangers Ahead

By John Bayne MacLean

**J**UST as they are about closing the August issue the General Manager and the Managing Editor of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE have come to me with a request that I write one or perhaps a series of articles on the war and the political situation.

This invitation is something of a temerity for me. It is an indication that the real truth is at last being absorbed by these young men. Several times, since the war began, I have offered to write such a series. I wanted Canadians to know the real facts, that they might see the various possibilities. I was not encouraged. They said, and they were very sincere, that they could not afford to lose subscribers and make the magazine generally unpopular. As I am the owner of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, all this may sound very funny. It is, however, perfectly true. There are so many brilliant men in the Canadian publishing world. They were responsible for the Magazine—its success or failure. I have great respect for their opinion, and I bowed, with regret and resignation. Then, they led themselves to back them up. In October, 1916, I wrote an article for *The Financial Post*, giving greater proportions, the subscription of a 250,000 instead of a 20,000. I thought from this article said the war would likely last for five or six years, unless the British Navy were defeated before we could wear the enemy down. It indicated an appalling increase in our national debt. It demanded that Canada have a war management and imperial affairs, etc. They referred to the article in the *Financial Post*, at Ottawa and among many subscribers, who looked for a short and snappy war with a glorious victory by Christians. But it was not all disastrous. Many business men believed in it and made their plans accordingly. It was for the publisher I wrote it.

However, I did not let up in *The Post*, because I knew what I was writing about. We foretold Russian withdrawal, advocated kicking out the Anarchist-Chambers-Grey crowd, pleaded for the bringing in of Lloyd George; for the firing of big jobs with his men, not party hacks. There were of vital importance to financiers and business men, who had such tremendous interests at stake. We pointed information and advanced policies that gave much offence to many readers; because they were so contrary to life-long beliefs. But we have been making history so rapidly three times, that our whole course has already been vindicated. Sir Robert Bolt, one of the ablest and wisest financiers in Canada, visited Europe with Sir Robert Borden. He came back and the Montreal Gazette printed what he thought of things. He confirmed in every particular what we had been saying. Within the past two months, letters or verbal communications have been received from two Bank Presidents, from a senator who is President of a large Industrial Corporation, from the biggest business man in Canada; from a former Cabinet Minister, who is on the directorate of several important financial institutions; from one of the ablest lawyers in Canada. All came unasked. All covered appreciation of the information given, and they endorsed the stand taken, in publishing the actual facts; in making common sense

deductions from them, and, in advancing unswerving policies as an absolute necessity of the hour.

I think the General Manager and Managing Editor had been reading my talks to Senators and big business men, and had become convinced themselves. But they are not fully convinced. It occurred to them some things I might tell—some facts that ought to be known but are not essential at the moment. They demurred. They doubted. Our readers would not believe. In fact they did not themselves. However, some of these facts I am embodying in the article which follows, the rest I may tell later.

In the meantime I want to make it clear that there is no political motive in what I write, or in what I have been writing, in *The Financial Post*. The General Manager is a Conservative and I would perhaps be described as a Tory myself. —How Mr. Lawrence, the Liberal ex-P.M.G., standing in the House of Commons on June 19 last said I was "a good Tory, a financial authority, but with a conscience"—while on the other hand I believe the Managing Editor is a Liberal, with a tendency toward radical views. The one object is presenting this material in MacLean's to let the general public know facts about the seriousness of the war situation, which the metropolitan daily newspapers do not know, or do not care to know, or perhaps do not want to know. The newspaper editorials to give an optimistic view on everything that occurs and the public, believing them, is blinded to the menace that faces us.

THESE facts I have had in mind to tell would shatter some of the popular and those interesting statistics on international relations, statistics and the critical assessments of our Imperial Statesmen. Some well-informed men in England are further and aware of the fact that we are not only surrounded with high official positions, have been, and still are, under German control, having placed themselves in compromising situations. These can be left until another time. They will make most interesting reading.

Development of the past three years have brought some of us as two important lessons. One that we inherit or accept as beyond discussion, many more things than our religion and our politics. The other, a realization that the world is groaning with very little reason.

When we add to this the fact that the British Commonwealth has forbidden the publication of the real story of events; suppressed the frightful horrors of mismanagement; bluffed the public into the impression that things were going well, when Cabinet Ministers knew they were going very badly, it is easy to understand why the great majority of the people of Canada fail to grasp the seriousness of the situation at the present time.

I came up against these things very hard the week war began—or rather I should say the week war was declared—for Britain and Germany were facing each other the week before; but that is another story which may not be told just yet. Perhaps the Census will let me go as far as to say that some of the







# Mam'selle Butterfly

By Arthur Beverly Baxter

Who Wrote "The Man Who Stuffed," etc

Illustrated by Ben Ward

IN AN exquisite boudoir in an exquisitely lovely home, an exquisite and unusually lovely young lady sat before a mirror and with deft fingers added the last touch of powder to the last faint penciling of the eyebrows before she ventured out for another evening of conquest.

She was pretty, eyebrows admirably cast, including her self. She had a light, graceful step—an light, so light, that one wondered if the law of gravitation did not make an exception in the case of Miss Winifred Middleton. She had elegant shoulders, melting violet eyes, and a nose that smiled like a smiling stream. When the fair Winifred laughed, she ripped up and down the smile like Titmouse in a celebratory role. Young women whose public-schoolish charms were less flawless than hers had no more than one reason to love her. She was always spontaneous, in fact that she rehearsed in frequently in private. The smile was always genuine of the mild rose.

On this particular evening Miss Middleton was conscious of the need for all the charms she could command. Robert Melton had graciously proposed the evening before and had said her future that morning, and he would be at the door any moment now. In his lovely Belle-Bay, she wondered if he would propose at once or wait until later in the evening; she hoped the latter. They were going to the opera. Mrs. F. G. Greenwald would be there and she could make Robert jealous of Fred and besides—adjectives, adjectives. Miss Winifred Middleton was not thinking for publication; for young ladies of 18 do. One of the charms of the butterfly is the utter inability to think of anything but the fact that if a butterfly acquired infatigability it became a dragon fly—another beautiful word. She was supremely satisfied with her own beauty. And wasn't Mr. Fremont who said, "Would you have a nose ring?"

AT THE moment that she was adding these last touches of the pencil and just her last look at his library in the front of the house, an unexpected knock in his lay, an after-dinner visitor in his mouth. It was obvious that Mr. E. Fremont Middleton was worried. He smiled more vigorously than he was wont and appeared ill at ease, shifting his position at frequent intervals and frowning at nothing. A superficial observer would have said that Mr. Middleton was planning another of his colossal business enterprises and that it promised more than most difficult.

A bell sounded at the rear of the house



Ben Ward

"I won't work," she said. "You can't make me."

replied, "I made you take a course in shorthand and typewriting, thinking the manual descriptive would do you good. It is now my intention to make use of that shorthand. For the next six months I want you to go down stairs to business."

An indignant call came to life. "MR.—WORE!" said then she laughed from middle G to high C and back to middle A.

"I won't work," she said, "you can't make me. You think I'm going to a poky office with a lot of starchy typewriters—ugh!" (She probably meant stenographers but was always a little vague as to which were machines and which were humans—an error she shared in common with a great many employees of female labor.)

"Why not, Winifred?" "I'll marry Robert!"

"Oh dear, a man with pink water in worse than a man with a pail. If that young fellow demonstrates ever had any

because they have become discolored long ago by his endless dancing."

AGAIN she started for the door and rather to her surprise he allowed her to reach there, unaccompanied. That reached her still farther and she passed irresolute. She was beginning to understand for the first time the powerful cry enacted by her villainous father.

"You're a greedy old hen," she pouted, running back towards the center of the room. "I've just kissed and kissed of friends and they all like me and you are my father and my all sorts of horrid things—you never say anything more to me any time. You're an old hen and I don't care." She would have cried at this moment but conscious of the possibility of her eyelashes and refrained.

"What do you want me to be?" she turned on him angrily. "A Jan of Boscage!"

She felt that she had failed somewhere

in the remark but faced her progress with a frown and a look of hammer.

"I expect neither a Jan of Boscage nor a Sarah Bernhardt," he began.

"I'll go away," she thrust at him vehemently.

—not a Sarah Bernhardt, went on Mr. Middleton with just the reminder of a smile, "but, remember, 1898 was," the smile left his eyes and a far-away tenderness crept into them instead. "When you were here we both lost what was dearer to us—a mother, I a wife. She was a lady, Winifred, cultured, gentle, beautiful—the kind of woman every man is proud as a wife. Sometimes I sit here alone—I am much alone these days—and see her at the piano—making me even richer with beauty, making me still more and playing old melodies of the masters—real music, not rag-time. She used to knit while I read to her—Thompson and Hugo and Keats and Dickens—

and a maid admitted Mr. Robert Melton, ushering him into the morning room. Some fifteen minutes later a vision of serene, calm and loveliness emerged from her room and with demure steps, accompanied towards the stairway.

"Winifred."

The vision paused. "Her voice was meltingly affectionate and in her girlish forthrightness she seemed to send it as much toward the music room as the library."

"I would like to speak to you, Winifred." Miss Middleton paused and then entered the library promptly.

"Can you spare me ten minutes, my dear?"

She glanced at the clock on the mantel. "I've worked late, daddy, and Robert's down stairs."

Mr. Middleton removed his spectacles and slowly crossed them with a handkerchief.

"I am sorry to ask for an ask of my daughter's time," he said, slowly, "but—please sit down, Winifred. The young man below me waits. What I have to say I want to say now."

SOMETHING in his manner stopped the part reply on her lips and slowly she walked into a great arm chair and faced a startled look on her parent. Mr. Middleton leaned on his glasses, then carefully wiped them with his handkerchief once.

"I have had experience enough," he said, quietly, "to appreciate a subject like this. I have been accustomed for years to go straight to the point. So, my dear, remove my handkerchief if I tell you that, as a daughter and as a woman, you are a very great disappointment to me."

Winifred's eyes widened and her penitence lips parted in mute amazement.

"Had your mother lived," went on her father, looking his glasses towards the light to test their cleanliness, "she would have seen to your bringing up. As it happened I have had to leave it to governesses who wouldn't govern and ladies' maids that apparently produce neither ladies nor children."

His daughter suddenly recovered from her original shock and rose to her feet—a dignified five-foot-two of rushed at the door.

"I simply won't listen," she said and started for the door. In some mysterious way her father reached there first.

"I am not through yet," he said.

"Let me go at once!"

"Not until I finish."

"MYSTER MIDDLTON!" she spluttered and then, seeing a single crumb into his eyes, she blushed with mortification and, turning, threw herself into the arm chair again, looking her face from her.

"Go on," she said, "but I won't listen."

MR. MIDDLTON shrugged his shoulders, adjusted his glasses, reached for a match and then felt his coat—all of which was very true in the words of Miss Winifred.

"If it is any consolation," he said, removing his seat, "I ought say that these remarks apply equally to almost every girl of your age—and only to you. On the verge of womanhood, approaching the time when you will have a house of your own, you have so wasted so much time and opportunity that, mentally, you are as undeveloped as a child. You do not read, you cannot converse, you have no accomplishments of any sort, and though you dance incessantly there is hardly one of you who can play the simplest one-step without mistaking it for a delectable recognition."

Her figure remained as motionless as a doll.

"Last winter," resumed her father,



Ben Ward

"What does this mean?" said Harp, fiercely







Now-who-look stared at the bloodstained remains for a moment and then gave into a torrent of Gylbergs.

# Twilight Loans His Eyes

An Unusual and Exciting Detective Story

By Kathrene and Robert E. Pinkerton

Mr. Pinkerton wrote "The Point of the French Reef" and "The Frost Girl"

Illustrated by Dudley Ward

**B**UT you're not even sure Cassell said," protested Twilight. Jack Lockrie, "I can't prove it. Not yet. But I'm an officer of the law, as I ever could be. And that's one reason I'm taking Lorne with me. When he's right there when the cabin burned, and where he and Cassell lived together more last fall, he'll stay on his own toes or break down and we'll see. It's a wash over and what he needs is the third degree."

"Yes, he is sort of weak," agreed the trapper. "That's one reason I feel sorry for him. And I don't know anything about anyone. But don't do much about it, Walker. No man ever did anything in this back without leaving a mark somewhere. It might be only one little thing you'd hardly notice, but it's always there, if you can find it."

"That's the reason I want you to go along," Lockrie hastened to say. "I don't care if you do feel sorry for the lad and side with him. You're got eyes, Jack, and you'll probably see that one little thing where I might miss it."

"All right. If it's up to you, let the lad come in my camp and you and Lorne take the other and keep far enough ahead so I can talk to him quiet like."

The Frontier Policeman glanced quickly at the wilderness, under a moon in his eyes. But he turned immediately to the lake, angry because of his own lack of faith.

"Sure, Jack," he agreed. "There and I'll start on ahead."

**A**S they paddled down the lake on the shore of which the trapper lived, and the name of which he had been given so long before as one knew any other, Twilight lagged behind until Lockrie and Hogan were several hundred yards in the lead.

"It's the best time of the year in the bush, now, with no flies and these cold nights," said the trapper cheerily in an attempt to be amiable.

"There's no time when I like the bush!" exclaimed Lorne. "Surely as it's turned to Twilight. I hate it, everything about it."

"That's because you don't see it right, there's all," replied Twilight suddenly. "This business has turned you around."

"It would anyone," returned the young man, "having a fellow of something he never did."

He had stopped paddling and was

looking at the men in the stern. Boy Lorne was out at first glance, but Lockrie had called a "wash water." A young man of twenty-four or twenty-five, of an unassuming character of any sort, he was of the type that passes unnoticed in a group of five or six. It was only after a longer acquaintance that his low intelligence and his lack of initiative and reliance, marked him for the post who is easily led, easily influenced. The type is found everywhere. Verbalness is not natural to them. Rather they have a central willful toward all things, embracing what is current or novel opportunities.

Perhaps it takes a very absence of moral strength which sometimes appeals to the sympathies of stronger natures, though more often it arouses suspicion and contempt. That this last had been true in Lorne's case became evident from the story which Twilight proceeded to draw from him.

"I woke up in the night and the cabin was on fire," he said. "I must have been burning quite a while. Ben wasn't in the back with me. I always slept on the inside and I would have felt him when I got out. I went all over the cabin, esti-

ing to him and looking, and I'm sure he wasn't inside. Even with the smoke it was light enough to see with the fire going that way."

"Was Ben there when you went to look?" asked Twilight.

"Yes. He always stayed up nights, sitting there smoking. He was that night, and I don't remember his coming to bed. I never have been after midnight when the cabin burned down because it wasn't such a long time before daylight."

"You and Ben didn't have any trouble?"

"No." And there was an obstinate tone in his voice.

Twilight ignored it and paddled steadily for a time.

"When did the cabin burn?" he asked after an interval.

"Ten days before the ice went out."

"Why didn't you come over to my place and stay?"

"That's the first thing I thought of, and I tried to. But the ice was gone in the narrows and I couldn't get across. I tried to get to New-who-look's wigwag, too, but I couldn't make it. The ice got rid of me fast after that and I waited until it was all gone. I'd have stayed if I had. Ben's had some mouse pelt hanging in the brush. When the ice was gone I paddled in to Albern as quick as I could and told them about the cabin burning and

Ben being missing. I told Dave Hogan and he sent for the police."

He had been paddling as he spoke, but he turned suddenly toward the stern and demanded questioningly.

"Why do they pick on me this way? I never hurt Ben. What would I want to kill him for? It must have been a mouse. Ben hung around town and made everybody like him. He was that kind. I couldn't do it. And then when I came out without him and told the truth about the cabin burning they all said I killed him. You go out to the cabin and you'll see I'm telling the truth. There isn't a single thing they can prove on me. They can't hold me for it, can they, Twilight?"

"You and Ben been trapping together ever since you moved into Carley Boyle's old shack last fall, haven't you?" asked the wilderness without regard for the other's question.

"Yes, we've trapped all winter."

Again he looked quickly at Twilight, but the trapper was watching Lockrie and Hogan dumbly at the portage.

**W**HEN they had crossed to the next lake Twilight suddenly turned Hogan aside and told him the story, leaving Lorne to the trapper. Again he lagged behind until out of earshot.

"What do you know about this, Dave?" he asked at last.

"Well, Twilight," the storekeeper began, "you know how it is. When a man dies in the bush it's some strange way. If a man comes out and leaves his partner and tells a story about his being drowned or burned up or so, it's accidental there's always a doubt about it. Ordinarily I wouldn't do anything, but this case was so different I word the police at Port Arthur."

"How different?"

"Well, the last of the winter Cassell told me he and Lorne didn't get on well together. The last time they came out before trapping they weren't speaking to each other when they were in the store. Cassell told me he'd be glad when bear trapping was over as he could get him. He said he'd quit then only he never went back as a partner yet."

"That's not anything, Dave. Lots of fellows get badly after being alone together a long time."

"I know it, but that isn't all. Cassell was awful anxious to get a letter that last time he was in. But he came in poor for it and had me look through all the mail in the store to make sure it wasn't there. He said he'd be in the first day the ice was out because it was important. Now if he wanted that letter so bad, wouldn't you think it was funny if his partner showed up alone with a story about the shack burning down and Cassell disappearing, especially after



"They can't hold me for it, can they, Twilight?" he asked.



































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## The Captain of the Sun Draw

Continued from page 37

Oh, and I can tell you other things! For instance—

"Not 'No!'—No!" Mrs. Gifford roared at him, while her cheeks flamed red with anger.

Sedley Brown stared at her, mildly surprised and mildly jealous.

"And so you know what I don't know," Captain Decker laughed. "Things outside my experience. I've delivered the message."

"You have no right—!" Patty began indignantly and loudly. "But you do know it. You can't know it."

"And so for you, young lady, there are those I know that would make you blush worse than poor mother she said I told them."

"Not 'No!'—No!" Patty said.

"Hah!" Captain Decker shrugged his shoulders, shaking his head from side to side. "And so for you, young lady, there are those I know that would make you blush worse than poor mother she said I told them."

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It occurred off and on, and on the deck, Mrs. Gifford, a vessel of violent death for her youngest son, sitting upon her, screamed and flailed. Patty however remained, and was caught about the neck by Harrison. No one moved or spoke. All gazed upon Captain Decker.

H E STILL sat on the deck, stupidly looking at his hands. On his face was painted a curious dream. He sat not like his hands. He tried to get away from them, to fling them from him. But one thing, as in a dream, he understood them. He rubbed them together, and into his eyes sprang astonishment, in that moment knew that they belonged to him. He stared at his fingers, and about him all those who looked on.

"What?" he asked the boy, not asked. "What?" he asked the boy, not asked. "What?" he asked the boy, not asked.

Captain Decker looked at his face and shook his head.

He strove to speak, and seemed to feel to manipulate his voice.

"What?" he asked the boy, not asked. "What?" he asked the boy, not asked. "What?" he asked the boy, not asked.

He started to get to his feet, and shook away from the face who looked on.

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Continued from page 33  
man walked past him and almost tripped over the shingles.

For a moment he only stared. Then he looked quickly, surprisedly, almost pleadingly, at Lochrie and Twilight. Panic quickly followed and he rushed to the trigger, the only man who had spoken freely to him in four days.

"Honest, Jack, I never knew he was in the cabin!" he cried in a frenzy. "I wanted for him when he last came out. I was sure he wasn't in there."

"That will do to tell," broke in Lochrie harshly. "Only this was what he told before he was burned. Look at that dead, Locke, where you split it open with an ax when he lay there cold. You'll never get this. We've got you now."

"But I didn't! I never saw him after I went to sleep and he sat there by the table smoking. He wasn't in the cabin when he burned."

"Look here," exclaimed Lochrie angrily. "Don't let this pass. There's what's left of Cassell. His head was split open with an ax and his body was burned. You were here alone, didn't you, in the ax going on? You burned the cabin down to cover it up so you could get away with that boy who had hid on the hill."

Locke whirled as if he had been struck and looked at the policeman. For the first time a real fear showed in his eyes and he stared dumbly. His legs to tremble, his jaw sagged, his entire body seemed to shudder.

"That got you!" roared the policeman. "We know the whole thing, Locke. I don't care where you were or how you got it. We've got all I need to hang you, and hang you will!"

FOR a full minute Locke did not speak. His eyes wandered from the policeman to Twilight and back again. At last, after several efforts in which his lips moved but no sound came, he rushed to the trigger.

"Don't let him! Listen this to me, Jack!" he cried hysterically. "I never told Ben. I never saw him after I went to sleep. I didn't know he was in the cabin."

"I know he wasn't," answered Twilight. "Only, if I prove he wasn't there, will you answer my question?"

"What's this?" demanded Lochrie angrily.

"Come on to the shore where we can all drink and talk it over," was the quiet response. "There's a lot of things to be straightened out. We'll see how you get on. We'll see you get through."

"Look here, Jack," said Lochrie as he stepped in front of the trigger, and his face was as cold as the other's. "I'm not going to stand for any fancy business. I've got the goods on this fellow and you keep your hands off."

"You asked me to come along and see my eyes, and I've done it, and I've found a thing or two and now I'm going to tell them. If you didn't want me in this, you wouldn't have asked me. But now I'm in, I'm going to stay."

TWILIGHT turned and went down to the lake, where the old Indian got out his canoe. Locke, still outwitted, followed with the others. Locke stood at the trigger's heels.

When they reached the shore Locke had regained his control and, walking up determinedly, he grasped Locke's arm.

"Come on, young fellow," he commanded. "Now get back to town with me. I've got the case where I want it."

Twilight stepped in front of the policeman and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Sit down on that windfall, Walter," he said gently. "I'm doing this as much for you as for any one."

He looked steadily into the other's eyes, until Lochrie reluctantly stepped. Twilight returned to Logan and Locke and they also sat down.

"Now, Dave," began the trapper, "let that letter from Cassell come out, that one he was so anxious for."

"Now that I think of it, it didn't," explained Logan in an even voice. "It never got a letter, or even a paper, since he came here."

Twilight spoke in Ojibway and the old Indian just sat there.

"Now—about," asked the trapper in the old man's language, "who did you sell your fur to last winter?"

The Indian nodded his head toward the spot where the cabin had stood.

"I—"

"Say, get it."

"Walter, you and Dave understood Ojibway a little. Now, No-shah, tell us all you sold to Cassell and Locke."

Slowly the Indian repeated the list—so many furs, so many traps, so many skins, so many things, so many things. As he began Twilight returned to Locke to make a note of the items, and the policeman so. Before No-shah had finished, Dave Logan, who had been sitting with increasing wonder, pulled out the letter he had made for him.

"Now read yours," commanded the trapper.

They read it, exactly. Lochrie, clearly perplexed, was about to speak, but Twilight, using the Indian's language, asked him how much he had received for his fur.

Again the old man drew upon that memory that is so faithful to detail and so characteristic of his people. When he had finished Twilight looked at Logan inquiringly.

"It runs a little better than I paid them for it," offered the stockkeeper.

AGAIN Locke was about to speak, but Twilight was already talking.

"I believed that track I showed you, Walter, straight through the bush, to the narrow one out of here. There I found where some one had made a raft out of a couple of dead caribou, choppers of dry cedar for cross pieces. You saw they were fresh cut."

"Now, here's what we know. Cassell never told any other man that a kind. He set his fur to the cabin and went through the bush where I followed and crossed the narrow one as a rule. He took extra sleep to build up for it. He had to because I found a cross piece on the other side of the caribou that he'd split the neck out. On the other side of the neck of good going on his Chevrolet, as he would have got there, and from there he would have got to the R. R. by land if the ice was getting outland."

And that's what Cassell did."

Lochrie started, half in amazement, half in disgust.

"That's a fine story, Twilight," he said, "only Cassell's bones are up there."

"That's right, I forget all about those



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WORLDWIDE MAGAZINE

All the symptoms are not present in each case, usually there are two or three. All cases should be questioned until a positive diagnosis is made. Use the appropriate as in other communicable diseases.

**Ordinary hygienic precautions** should be followed at all times. Do not have hand-to-hand contact. Do not share your child to be sure it. Give the child a bath every day. Change the clothes in contact with the skin often. Do not take the child where it will be in crowded rooms, such as moving pictures or public places.

Wash the nose clean by blowing into thin sticks which may be formed. It may be washed most effectively by sponging the face and nose over a bathroom basin with hot running water. Use a diluted solution of hydrogen peroxide to wash the nose.

Eternal vigilance is the price of safety. Keep a clean home, clean clothing and a clean body. Use fresh air, sunshine, soap and water.

As stated above the digestive organs should be relieved to some extent in the summer months. However, this season is particularly filled with conditions and events which tend to cause trouble. All kinds of fruit are eaten. Sometimes a



What the "poor child" has eaten since lunch

[illegible]

years Provincial president, and for several years Ontario vice-president.

During the prohibition rampage in Alberta Mrs. McKinney delivered about 100 lectures, and different parties of the province, but when she came to see press agents she just says "I don't keep any record of what the press agents say, but I know I have made a first woman member of the House cannot be accused of saying whatever facts I choose may suit her at her time." Mrs. McKinney says she has been the first of all speaking of her public work as being very limited and unimportant, and she says she has been called by different terms, she is a "Banned speaker, and while neither an utter nor an extremist, she stays with her position and she says she has been making impressions on the minds of her hearers. She is accordingly strong-minded as to her own organ, the women's election, and she says that many people gave her shouting that even in her own constituency she is a "prophet."

MRS. McKINNEY is an Emerson City, Iowa, woman. The people of Emerson will remember her as Louisa Conway, born there in 1855. After her sojourn in North Dakota she was married in 1896, living in Clarehead, Alberta, and residing in the province with her husband. Mrs. McKinney has seen enough platforming and faced enough hog issues not to let the provincial problems of Alberta stampede her. A day she asks a question in the House she will demand an answer and keep on demanding it till she gets it and the question is tabled to be very much to the point, too. The political "business"

[illegible]

In the September issue will appear another article by the author of "The Hunter Smuggler." It will tell of another remarkable smuggler, and how the Canadian Customs

The state of affairs, by the way, held sway in the election in the larger centre of Alberta, particularly. Sanguine people who imagined the women would swallow campaign speeches without question, and take ready-made opinions from the male members of the family had reasons to change their minds. In the rural districts, the three weeks allowed after the election writs were issued, gave

very short time for the farming season. The farmers are now waiting for the squanders to lay their different plans before them by the winter, particularly as the farmers were in the very midst of the winter when the squanders began to appear to make their franchise, however, as when another election day comes around with the large changes for political office. The squanders are now waiting for a more definite change upon the election than is this last one.

To return to Mrs. McKinnon, however, she has been up and down the length and breadth of Alberta in looking for W.C.T.U. work. She has been including all along these lines; from the reception of the new members in the W.C.T.U. of the United States, where she taught and in North Dakota, where she has been affiliated with the movement and given of her time and energy to U. C. Connor in Alberta in 1904. She has been in the W.C.T.U. of the hands, and was connected with the annual W.C.T.U. from the very beginning, as well as recording secretary.

new duties, and it looks well for a good beginning. Mrs. McKinney certainly has the confidence of her constituency in notwithstanding the strong opposition at meetings, she was returned by a splendid majority. The rural vote was behind her almost to a man—not to say a woman—and there was a very heavy vote polled all around, showing the keen interest taken

In speaking of the woman's vote Mr. McKinney says: "While many of the women voted against party lines, he

OUT of the turmoil and conflict of the recent provincial election in Alberta has arisen a feature which is generally pleasing to the women of the province on matters with which party their sympathy lies — there will be a woman member on the floor of the House next session, the first woman in Canada to sit in a legislature, a non-partisan member, *ing. who*, if we forecast events correctly will not allow her vote to be swung to the needs of the mighty because of might, but who will stand for good.

Mrs. Louise C. McKinney, of Carleton Place, Alberta, provincial president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, is this woman, and very modestly she takes her new honors. In speaking of her position she says:

"I am sick an ordinary woman that I feel great anxiety of being the recipient of so many expressions of good will that she should not be able to sustain just what a big thing I was undertaking. I fear my courage would have failed me."

"I am afraid I saw only the weakness of a woman to fill a gap, and for many reasons I seemed to be the only one who could fill it; the people in this locality were all looking to me, and to refuse the call would have been cowardly, so without any thought of my being a woman, I was, indeed, without specially thinking that I was a woman at all, but just a citizen who felt the call of duty. I assumed to be a crusader in the face of opposition because I assumed to promote civilization."

This then is the spirit in which the first woman legislator is entering our house.

Mrs. Louise C. McKinnon

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